

## TUGS MAROONED BY ICE PACKS IN UPPER BAY

Revenue Cutter Calumet Re-  
treats After Vain Attempt to  
Break Through Fields.

FERRY-BOATS CAUGHT.

Fortunately During the Rush  
Hours They Managed to  
Plough Way Through.

The Oldest Inhabitant, he  
stood at the Battery. The  
ice was running free.  
"Go," he said one day. "Be  
free." "The worst I ever did  
see," he said.  
"The worst I ever did see!"  
—Walter Williams's Arctic Ballads.

The Oldest Inhabitant's verse may  
have been bad, but he has his facts  
on straight. Some of the ice came  
down the Hudson, but it was the East  
River that furnished the biggest and  
meanest flocks.

There was an extensive movement of  
them all night and when this morning  
came the ice was packed thicker in  
the upper bay than it had been at  
any time for five or six winters—so  
the wise old mariners of Ship News  
said. At a dozen points between the  
Battery sea wall and Governor's Island  
tugs and lighters and barges were  
stuck fast, black plumes in the flocks  
of winter's ice, waiting for the  
warfare to begin. There were  
narrow patches of jammed in  
ice where no water could be seen at all.

Some Tugs Tied Up All Night.

The Staten Island and the South  
Brooklyn ferries managed to make  
their trips for awhile. They ploughed  
wide furrows in the white mass that  
closed up right behind their rudders and  
left no visible gaps. The smaller craft  
simply had to give it up. Some of the  
tugs that had not caught last night  
stayed in the pack until well along  
toward midday.

The revenue cutter Calumet, a slender,  
powerful little craft that isn't afraid  
of any kind of weather so long as it's  
weather, started from the Barge Of-  
fice for Quarantine Station to pick up  
the incoming Koenig Albert. Her sharp  
nose sliced through the docks, but they  
began to bank under her flanks and hit  
her until the skipper decided to retreat  
before he got marooned. The Calumet  
slipped back and scudded over toward  
the Jersey shore, where the ice wasn't  
so thick. She felt her way along cau-  
tiously for an hour or two. Instead of  
catching the liner at Quarantine she  
joined her this side of Ellis Island.

Ferryboats Caught in the Flocks.

It was lucky for a lot of Brooklynites  
that the ice did not tie up the ferry  
traffic until after the rush hour. Until  
the middle of the forenoon the ferries  
managed to get through. Presently,  
though, there came an especially heavy  
flock of ice out of the East River and  
troubles multiplied. The Brooklyn, of  
the Atlantic avenue line, and the  
Pierpont, of the Hamilton avenue  
line, got into their slips on the Brook-  
lyn side and couldn't get out again be-  
cause of the huge slabs of ice that fol-  
lowed them in and massed.

The Atlantic line of the Hamilton  
avenue line, and the Montauk of the Hamilton  
avenue line, did not fare that well. On  
their way back from South Ferry on  
their 10 o'clock trips both of them stuck  
fast a short distance from the Brooklyn  
shore. Neither boat had many passen-  
gers aboard, probably not more than  
fifty altogether. The ice-bound craft  
drifted very slowly until nearly noon,  
when the wind and tide turned, sweep-  
ing the ice down into the lower bay  
and giving them a chance to reach  
their slips.

As a result of the tie-up 200 trucks  
and wagons waited for hours in West  
street for the service to resume.  
Ferry traffic was also delayed because  
of the ice that wedged into the slips at  
Long Island City and Astoria slips.  
At the Long Island City slip the condi-  
tions were extremely bad. Boats ran  
from twenty-five to forty minutes be-  
hind schedule time.

## STARVING WOMAN DIED AS SHE GOT AID FOR FAMILY.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 7.—Mrs.  
Moses Tucker, of this city, fell dead  
yesterday in the office of Poor Director  
Charles Westfield, while she was wait-  
ing for food and clothing for her hus-  
band and five starving children, whom  
she had been starving for several weeks  
to support. Sickened, however, for the  
past several days prevented her from  
coming any more, and for a day the  
family had not had any food.

She resolved to apply for aid. After  
the poor director had given her an or-  
der for clothing and food and she was  
murmuring a prayer of thankfulness  
she fell forward dead. She was found  
dead in a few seconds. Food and clothing  
were taken to the family before the  
body was carried home.

## A Little Ready Money!

buys almost anything you  
want in the way of a  
Well Established  
Business Enterprise.

And you will be amazed to  
see how far a little "cash"  
deposit will go if you look  
to-day and read what

WORLD  
"Business Opportunity"  
Ads. Have to Say.

# How Tailored Man Will Look When Clothes Builders Get Real Color in Their Work and Make Him Gorgeous

They Know Just What Is  
Needed to Make Clothes  
Really "Express the Man."  
So Just Leave It to Them  
and Let It Go at That.

STYLES, COLORS, PRICES  
—JUST LEAVE IT TO HIM

Never Mind What You Want,  
He Knows What You'll Get  
As to First Two When  
Check Makes Good the  
Last Requisite.

Ta-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra, heigh-ho,  
boom! Enter the SOUL TAILOR.

Off to the breeze, ye soul mates;  
fade away, Little Bright Eyes and  
Charley Horses; fie, fie, ye affinites,  
and as for soul kissers and kissees, wait  
dreamers and sixty-five-minute oscula-  
tors, back up, for the real thing psychol-  
ogical is here! Hail the soul tailor!  
"For He's a Jolly Soul Tailor!" (words  
in our next).

Yes, sir, he made his advent here  
yesterday very auspiciously in the af-  
ternoon at the Astor Hotel. In the midst  
of a Pompeian room full of gorgeous  
new spring styles, and he set it off with  
a bit of bubble water in the evening  
and with silver worth of evening suits  
vying with one another for the privi-  
lege of approaching nearest the proper  
capitulation in sartorial psychological art.

No decision was made, but an army  
of soul tailors have gone forth to con-  
vince mere man that methods hereto-  
fore are ancient.

When the dinner bell rang and Job  
Hedges sat between M. Linn Bruce and  
President Harvey Patterson, of the  
Merchant Tailors' National Protective  
Association, a keen set of eyes would  
have detected the vagaries in suits of  
the tailors. Of course, all of the gen-  
tlemen were faultlessly attired, for  
each of them cut, fitted and sewed his  
own suit.

Battles and Soul Tailors.

While the speakers were talking of  
battles in behalf of their organiza-  
tion against an invisible foe, the little  
vagaries which, after all, will tell  
the real soul tailor, were evident. One  
tailor was with his gray evening  
dress. His coat-tails were spiked.  
Then there was the braided facing ef-  
fect and braided trousers and braided  
sleeves. Others differed in the position  
of the buttons, and then some wore  
made a bid for popularity in the color  
of the silk facings.

When Job Hedges declared that a  
man might differ on the question of the  
individuality of the man who occupies  
the chair of the President of the United  
States, but never on the President as  
such, any number of pearl buttons on  
waistcoats flashed in hand-embroidered  
effects broke loose from their  
moorings as their owners jumped to  
cheer the sentiment.

When C. W. Post called into Sam  
Conners and labor organizations, var-  
ious patterned cuffs, coat sleeves  
waved handkerchiefs in the air, and  
when Linn Bruce spoke on the recti-  
tude of all mankind, shirts of innumera-  
ble designs and makes flashed in the  
brilliant lights.

The ladies, well, it was a man's af-  
fair, and, of course, while they added  
grace and beauty to the affair, which  
every tailor admitted, still it was a  
mere man's event and absolutely, may-  
be, they could have been spared the  
scorching which trade unionism re-  
ceived.

New Spring Colors.

Armed with his new spring colors—  
caribon, olive, moss and snuff—black's  
that—for ordinary apparel, and black,  
blue, gray and green for swell outfits,  
the soul tailor is ready to-day to pre-  
scribe what you must have, not what  
you want.

Go out now and give yourself up.  
Your wily old fashion-plate student has  
your number. Don't stop to ask him  
why. He knows. He knows what you  
want, when you want it, when you can  
have it.

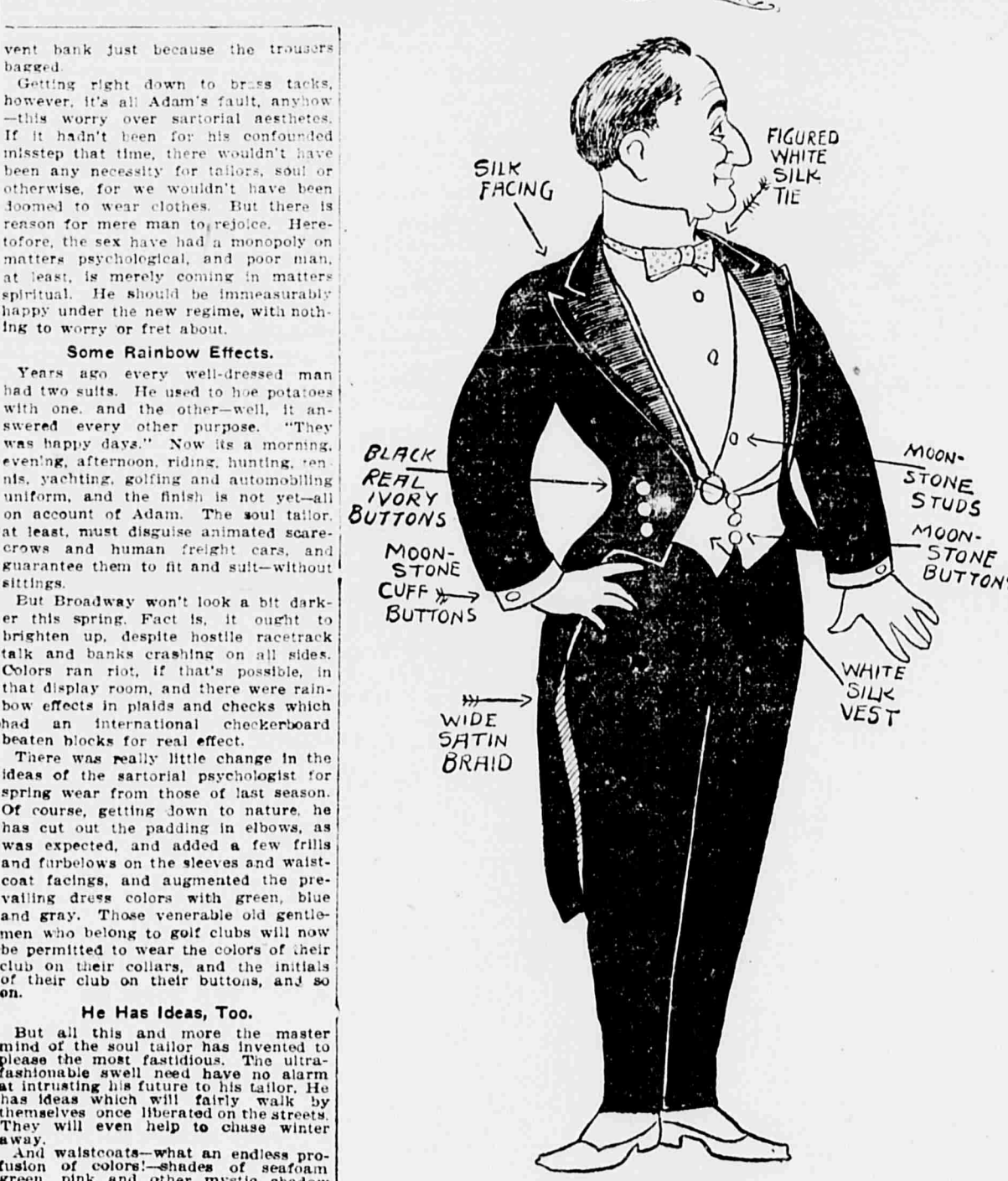
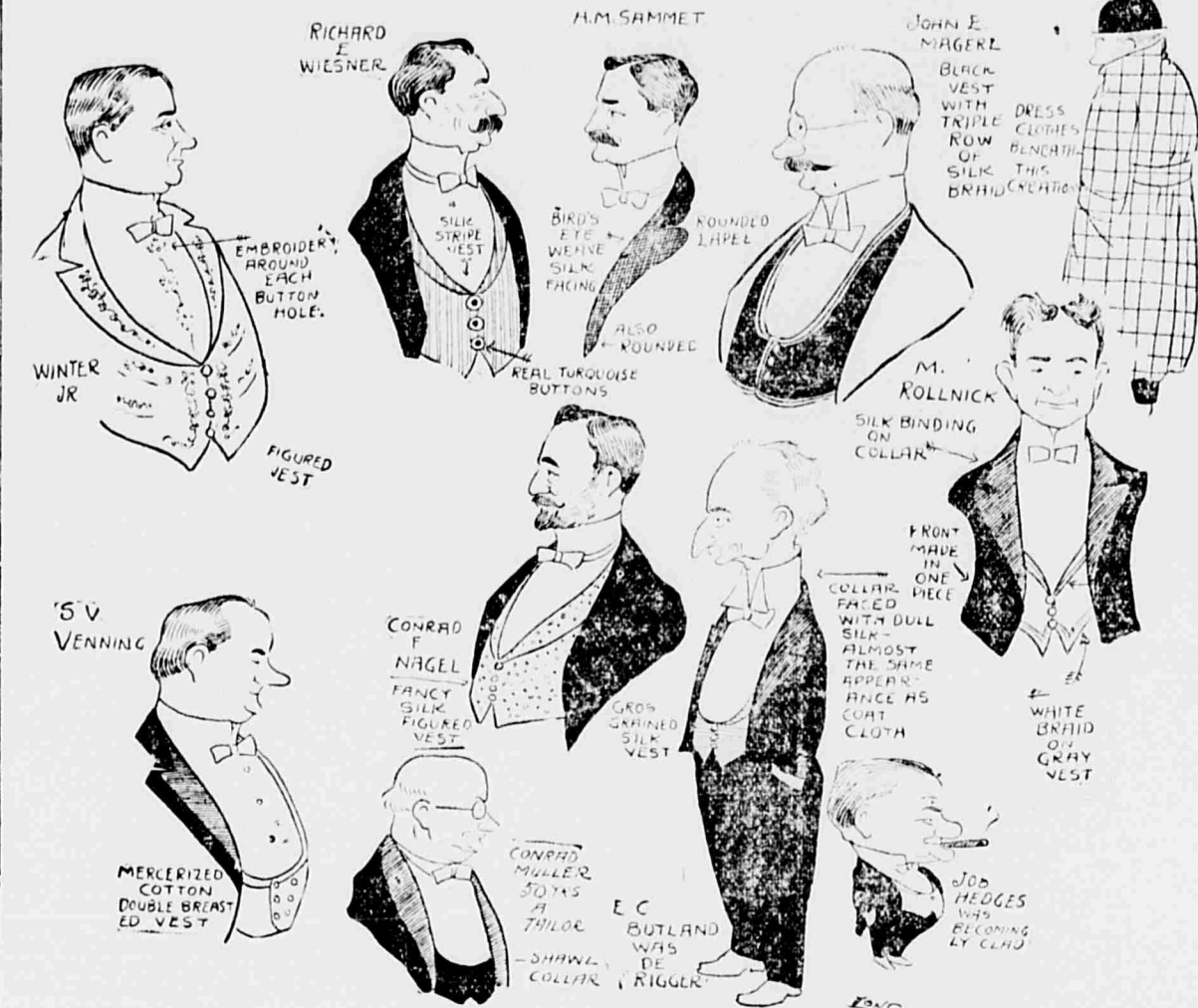
Don't be squeamish enough to seek  
prices, colors, style—he knows. Hasn't  
he studied you for years? Chest meas-  
urement and waist development? No.  
He is there with that psychological an-  
gle—he knows again. In the eternal  
fitness of things you must dress as  
you are. A glance and he has studied  
your soul, and another peek into the  
thing of your coat and he knows if  
you are a dead beat.

Express your opinion of manufacturers  
of great wealth; the fit of your trousers  
may indicate your position on the  
question of the immortality of the soul,  
and your judgment of Bill Bryan, Bill  
Taff, Tim Woodruff et al. is told by  
the hang of your coat. A bank presi-  
dent and a pickpocket may be by the op-  
eration of the psychological tailor blas-  
phemy forth in apparent identical, with no  
perceptible disrespect to the latter.

Soul Tailor Gets Busy.

Subjects of the new art are not sup-  
posed to have a vote at all. "This old  
rag of showing patterns and asking  
a customer what he wants is all a  
joke—we know what he wants!" is the  
new sartorial cut. Here's the formula:  
You can't afford a tailor if he's a soul  
tailor—up on the phone and make a  
noise like a new suit. Make a  
come around with your check book in  
two weeks and there is your psychol-  
ogical uniform—colors, style and all.  
Your clothes, the cut of your job, will  
tell if you're a race track cut or a  
reformer, an actor or a millionaire, a  
politician or a superegoist.

Heretofore a peevish, self-conceited  
fellow who had the nerve to have his  
clothes made after his own ideas  
caused his good tailor no end of amu-  
sion and shame. He even held him-  
self responsible for his patron's failure  
in love, and sometimes the loss of a



R. BLEVINSON  
WAS THE BEST  
DRESSED MAN  
IN THE BUNCH.

## THAW'S WIFE AT ASYLUM; AGREES THAT HE REMAIN

Now Believes That Alienists  
Should Have a Chance to  
Test Sanity.

Mrs. Harry K. Thaw visited her hus-  
band this afternoon at the Mattewan  
State Hospital for the Criminal Insane.  
This is her second trip to that institu-  
tion since Justice Dowling committed  
the slayer of Stanford White on last  
Saturday.

Mrs. Thaw was accompanied to Mat-  
teawan by Daniel J. O'Reilly. She  
now agrees with Mrs. William Thaw  
and Martin Littleton that Harry  
should remain in the asylum at least  
until the prison alienists have had a  
fair chance to test his sanity. She  
will return to New York to-night.

Supt. Lamb says that Thaw is now  
accustomed to the routine of asylum  
life, and that he asserted he was agree-  
ably surprised at the food. The Pitts-  
burgh helped to shovel snow away  
from the handball court in the asylum

Words and music of the "Soul Kiss  
Waltz Song" as produced at the New York  
Theatre with GENE, the world's greatest  
dancer, will be given in the Magazine Sec-  
tion of next Sunday's World. Order from  
newsdealer in advance. Remember each  
newsdealer's supply is limited. Advance

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## Here's the Latest Decree of Fashion For Men's Clothes.

The fashionable man must give up  
his broad shoulders. He must take  
off the rads that have been swell-  
ing like rations bolts for the last  
seven seasons, and hereafter be en-  
cased in a coat that will fit him  
above like a glove and flare out in  
a slender Bell effect below.  
Rolled-up trousers are banished  
forever.

The coat will have long lapels to  
give opportunity for the display of  
expensive chests and may and gild-  
ings. The trousers are to be as  
straight and puritanical as a stove  
pipe.

## FIREMAN SAVES GIRL LEFT IN HER BURNING HOME

Five-Year-Old Annie Wiltone  
Unconscious When Found  
—Other Rescues.

Fireman Matthew Lynch, of Engine  
No. 20, groping about in the fourth  
story of No. 45 Taffe place, Brooklyn,  
early to-day during a fire, found the  
unconscious form of Annie Wiltone, five  
years old, and carried her almost dead  
from the smoke down a scaling ladder  
to the ground.

In the excitement following the dis-  
covery of the babe in the cellar of the  
fourth story tenement at 2 o'clock the  
girl had been forgotten.

Lomnick Raymond had a saloon on  
the first floor and lived with his fam-  
ily on the second. Frank Pisano and  
family lived on the third, and Michael  
Wiltone and family on the fourth.

The blaze had burned through the  
first floor when Policeman Drum, of  
the Flushing avenue station, discovered  
it.

The firemen found all of the occu-  
pants cut off from the stairs huddled  
together in their night clothing on a  
rear mezzanine at the first floor land-  
ing.

A ladder was run up and all were  
brought down. Mrs. Frank Pisano,  
overcome by smoke, lay just as she  
started down, and was caught as she  
fell unconscious by Fireman Michael  
Haynes, of Engine 21, who carried her  
to safety.

The Wiltone girl and her mis-  
sionary, a sister, who had just been  
brought down, were found in the  
cellar of the fourth floor, badly dis-  
covered, suffering from the smoke,  
including the girl, were attended by  
Dr. Marshall of the Brooklyn Hospital.  
The daughter from the first was not  
great. The police suspected it might  
have been started by members of the  
Black Hand, but all of the accounts  
declared that they had never received  
threatening letters.

## DOG POLICE ARE CLAWING HOLES IN FLATBUSHERS

Druggist Comes Home from  
Opera and Is Gashed  
at His Door.

Timid Flatbush is astir.

One of Commissioner Bingham's dog  
detectives has scratched a citizen on  
the leg.

Another plain-clothes hound is re-  
liably reported to have made a murder-  
ous attack on a small boy who was  
trying to bundle through the Parkville  
section. Two things saved the boy's life:  
The dog was muzzled.

The boy ran.

On the other hand, the gentle burglar  
does not budge with his old time aban-  
don and freedom down Flatbush way  
since the trained canine sleuths were  
turned loose to do patrol duty by night.  
Howsoever, there's the case of A. W.  
Bradenburg, a druggist, who lives at  
Ocean Parkway and Lawrence avenue.  
Mr. Bradenburgh and his wife came  
home the other night from the opera.  
The front door hung on the chain and  
the back door went around to a side  
door. Out of the darkness bounded De-  
tective Dog Nogi, and before he had  
arrived his claws had ripped a gash in one  
of Mr. Bradenburgh's legs, to wit the  
left leg. Nogi wore his official muzzle  
at the time.

Let Common Sense de-  
cide.

If the little sharp eches,  
the shortness of breath,  
the dull men at condition,  
disappear when coffee is  
discontinued, there's no  
need of any argument.

Then when all the func-  
tions begin to run smooth-  
ly, nerves strong, brain  
clear, appetite normal as a  
result of drinking Postum  
in place of the drug-bear-  
ing coffee, common sense  
will decide where com-  
fort is.

There's a Reason.

No Extra Charge for It.  
Advertisement for the World may be left  
at any American District Messenger Office.

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at any American District Messenger Office.

## CHIEF OF BOMB THROWERS SAID TO BE CAPTURED

Arrest of Mule, Brigand in  
Sicily, After Probe of  
Outrages.

HAS RECORD OF CRIME.

Italian Government Posts Po-  
lice on History of Alleged  
Black Handers.

In the capture to-day of Pellegrino  
Mule, a big, gaunt, lantern-jawed  
baker, whose shop is at No. 237 East  
Thirty-second street, Deputy Police  
Commissioner Woods declared that two  
of his detectives had made the most  
important Black Hand arrest in the in-  
vestigation of recent outrages. Mr.  
Woods said that Mule has an appalling  
criminal record in Sicily, where, after  
he had fled to this country, he was sen-  
tenced to life imprisonment in a court  
proceeding known as *absente contumile*.  
Among other crimes he is alleged to  
have committed in his native province  
is the decapitation of a citizen  
who informed against his gang of  
brigands. The Italian Government sent  
the price here a transcript of his ex-  
traordinary record.

It is the belief of the police that  
Mule has committed many Black Hand  
outrages in this city, and he is under  
arrest on the specific charge of having  
exploded a bomb in the big tenement  
house at No. 612 First avenue on Dec.  
23 last. Twenty children were in-  
jured by the fire that followed it.

Victim's Nephew Arrested.

Mule is thirty-two years old, and with  
him was arrested a youth of twenty,  
Calogero Trassanti, of No. 312 East  
Thirty-ninth street. Trassanti is the  
nephew of a barber of the same name,  
whose shop, in the First avenue tenement,  
was made the target for the  
bomb explosion of last December. The  
bomb was placed against the wall of  
the barber's shop, and had he been in  
the place at the time he would have  
been blown to pieces.

In searching through Mule's shop  
shortly after the First avenue bomb  
explosion, the detectives found a pad  
of writing paper.

The top sheet of this paper was  
blank, but there were heavy indica-  
tions in it, showing that a letter had  
been written on a sheet laid above it.  
The writing had evidently been executed  
with a pencil, pressed heavily upon  
the paper. The indications were clear  
and the Italian detectives made the  
following translation:

"Dear Friend: This will be our last  
answer. Be careful and do not fail  
Saturday night at same appointment as  
first letter and bring the sum—that you  
know, and be cautious, and don't for-  
get that this will be of small impor-  
tance to what would happen if he failed  
to bring the money. You know what  
unprintable (expensive) that this time  
you have got to do."

At this point the indications became  
faint, but the conventional Black  
Hand signature was clear at the bot-  
tom of the page.

Accused of Three Murders.

The baker, until he came to this  
country eight years ago, lived near the  
town of Calabollatta, in the Province  
of Girgenti, Sicily. Early in his activi-  
ties as a leader of brigands he was im-  
prisoned for three years and gave up  
work. Finally, a citizen of the town named  
Pumilia, informed the carabinieri (the  
local constabulary) against Mule and  
his gang. A little while later the bri-  
gands snatched Pumilia from his home.

COUGHS AND COLDS, HOARSE-  
NESS and Bronchial affections due to  
irritation of the mucous surface are  
quickly relieved by

VIRGIN OIL OF PINE

This preparation possesses all the  
medicinal properties of pine, being a  
compound of the active principles of  
fresh trees. Every precaution is  
taken in its composition to insure  
purity and freshness. Its action on  
the kidneys is highly beneficial, and  
usually relieves a case of ordinary  
lame back in a day or two.

Be sure to get the genuine Virgin  
Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared  
by Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati,  
O., and put up for dispensing  
through druggists only in 1/2 oz. vials,  
each vial securely sealed in a round  
wooden case.

Properties, uses and directions with  
every vial.

JAMES R. KEANE & CO.

EVERYTHING FOR HOUSEKEEPING

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Bed-  
ding, Pianos & Phonographs.

Write for New Illustrated Booklet.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD

300 DOWN, 10 DOWN, 100 WEEKLY

100 DOWN, 10 DOWN, 100 WEEKLY

100 DOWN, 10 DOWN, 100 WEEKLY

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and took him to a thick cover of woods  
near the town.  
Then, according to the Italian Govern-  
ment records, the brigand took the  
man's head off and nailed it to a tree  
near a highway. Beneath it they fast-  
ened a placard, in which all other  
citizens were warned that they would  
meet a similar fate if they informed  
the carabinieri against Mule and his  
gang.

Shortly after this a wealthy merchant  
named Dagostino was kidnapped and  
held for a ransom of 20,000 lire. The  
ransom was paid to Mule's band, where-  
upon they emigrated to this country.

So great was the terror of Mule's  
name that the authorities did not move  
against him until after he had fled,  
whereupon they tried him in *absente*  
contumile proceedings and sentenced  
him to life imprisonment, provided he  
was ever returned to Sicily.

BERLIN CUT OFF FROM  
MANY POINTS BY SNOW.

BERLIN, Feb. 7.—Heavy snow has  
been falling for many hours in East  
Prussia, Poland, Russia, Silesia, Aus-  
tria, and Bohemia, in consequence of  
which the Government Telegraph Ad-  
ministration announces that communi-  
cation between these points is partially  
or wholly interrupted.

## CURE BY CUTICURA AT CITY MISSION

Young Woman Found in Awful  
Condition with Scabies—Body a Mass  
of Sores from Scratching—Tried  
Many Remedies for Seven Weeks  
—Result Was Discouraging, But

ITCHING TORTURES  
YIELDED TO CUTICURA

"While I was doing missionary work  
in the lower portion of several cities I  
found it necessary to know a little of  
the efficacy of a few medicines and  
after a while I found that a little knowl-  
edge of Cuticura was about all I needed.  
One of the very bad cases I had to deal  
with was that of a young woman who  
had come to us not only broken in  
spirit but in a most awful condition  
physically. Her body was covered with  
scabies and she had scratched and  
told us that she had scabies (the  
itch), incipient paresis, rheumatism,  
etc., brought on from exposure and the  
effects of her ragged, filthy life. Her  
poor body was a mass of sores from  
scratching and she was not able to  
retain solid food. We tried many things,  
a good tonic was prescribed and baths  
with a rubbing of oil of sweet almond.  
We worked hard for seven weeks and  
you can imagine how discouraged we were  
when, after all that time, we could see  
so little improvement. One day I hap-  
pened to see a Cuticura advertisement  
telling how a little baby had been  
cured of a bad case of skin eruption,  
and although I thought it might be a  
good thing, I bought a box of Cuti-  
cure Soap and a bottle of Cuticura  
Resolvent. When I reached home I  
was like a child with a new toy, and we  
bathed and rubbed Cuticura all over her  
body. The next day she was well and  
full of life. She slept that night better  
than she had since she had been with  
us and the next day she was able to  
eat solid food. I am not exaggerating  
when I say that in exactly five weeks  
this young woman was able to look for  
a position, being strong enough to work  
and full of life. In another  
month she left the home, and now has  
a good position in a nice family where  
she is respected and is strong and well.  
You may refer any one you wish to me,  
personally, Laura Jane Bates, 85  
Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Mar. 11,  
1907."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for  
Every Kind of Skin Eruption, Itching, and  
Scabies of Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin,  
Cuticura Resolvent (50c) to Cure the Itching, and  
Cuticura Ointment (25c) to Soothe the Skin.  
Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem.  
Corp., New York, N. Y.

Sold Everywhere. Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

ROYAL FURNITURE CO.

CASH OR CREDIT

MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS

ALL GOODS MARKED

IN PLAIN FIGURES

WRITE FOR LISTS OF OUR OFFERS